

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JULY 12, 1941

WHO'S WHO

JOSEPH H. FICHTER, of Saint Mary's College, Kansas, has already lost count of his numerous writings on social and biographical subjects. Considering the labor movement from the center of the continent, he believes something needs to be said about the constructive features of Philip Murray's defense program. . . . DANIEL M. O'CONNELL has frequently contributed to our pages as an expert on scholastic standards. His latest study, on various types and classes of students in American medical schools, led him to probe into the little-explored field of opportunities for the medical education of Negroes. . . . JOHN LAFARGE, listening to what the Holy Father did not say last Sunday concerning Soviet Russia, thought of what might opportunely be said here concerning religious liberty in this new theatre of war. . . . MARIE MOREAU drifted from Regina, Saskatchewan, into the ranks of our contributors. Her proposals for greater lay activity in the parishes will cause and merit close scrutiny, but the topic ever recurs. . . . FIRST WARD COUNCILMAN, as the wild waves pounded the shores of his "perfect city," promised to "tell us more" at a later date. What he relates here is not soothing for political ears but is a pleasant melody for taxpayers. . . . JAMES J. DALY, who was formerly Literary Editor of AMERICA, continues to remember us from his desk at the University of Detroit. . . . OUR POETS were inspired by the rising thermometer to offer us a humorous page. They will take their bow: J. G. E. Hopkins, instructor in English literature, Notre Dame College, Staten Island, N. Y.; Katheryn Ullmen, Philadelphia; Sandro Wood, Westport, Conn.

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AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, 53 Park Place, New York, N. Y., July 12, 1941, Vol. LXV, No. 14, Whole No. 1653. Telephone BArclay 7-8993. Cable Address: Cathreview. Domestic, 15 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.50; Canada, \$5.50; 17 cents a copy. Foreign, \$6.00; 20 cents a copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under Act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COMMENT

CORPSES on battlefields and acres of devastated homes do not seem to convey the horrors of the present war as intimately as do the few words set down by James Wood Johnson, at the close of his appalling description of Spain's starving children in the July 5 *Saturday Evening Post*. "If someone were to ask me," writes Mr. Johnson, "What do you think should be done for the children of France and Spain?" I fear I should have to say, "Nothing really would help them except for the war to end." This, coldly, precisely, is the price that Europe will pay for the war: the physical and mental—not to speak of the spiritual—ravages of millions of victims of hideous malnutrition. Dr. Alexis Carrel, who was Mr. Johnson's companion in Spain, has appraised these ravages. He is supremely competent to do so. And Dr. Carrel now is, from all reports, forbidden to leave Occupied France. "Nothing really would help except for the war to end." It is an agonizing truth that this appears to be so. But need our defense program, our resolution to spare no expenditure of men or money or brains to equip our country to resist invasion, keep us from making every conceivable effort to put an end to the war? Peace proposals are put forth in time of war by acknowledged belligerents. All the more can they be proposed by a nation that is not an acknowledged or a formal belligerent. We may propose them a hundred times and reap only ridicule. But we shall reap no weakness from the attempt, if we frankly acknowledge we have scant hope of being heard. When the crosses are placed upon the graves of the perished children of France and Spain, let us at least be able to say we have kept our own record straight.

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FOR full half a century Ignace Jan Paderewski acted and triumphed upon a stage as wide as the civilized world. Any man would achieve immortality if he could have played that phenomenal part for but a decade. There were, one may say, not one but half-a-dozen Paderewskis. Quaint emotions were stirred when this was realized during those incredible glory years of his first appearance in this country. News that the unshorn, tousle-haired genius of the keyboard was put up at an exclusive New York club created mild consternation. "Life with Father" in the 'Nineties was supposed to be immune from association with male prima donnas, especially with one who caused female admirers to faint from emotion at his pre-Raphaelite presence. But consternation changed to admiration at the discovery that Paderewski before the fireplace or around the dinner table was no prima donna at all, but a regular man among men. He was a story teller, a crack sportsman, a genial and considerate guest. He was a man of the world, who could find

his place and maintain it even if he never played another note, and through his sheer eloquence could raise an army of 100,000 men. So it was that Paderewski, even in his younger days, fulfilled a triple role. He revealed unheard-of depths in the field of interpretative art; depths that neither Rubinstein or Liszt had sounded before him. He convinced a healthily skeptical world that an artist could be a man not in spite of, but because of his art. And he changed "Poland" from being a mere geographic name to be a living reality in the minds of the ordinary American.

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IN his youth, Paderewski wrote a little poem, in which he compared other tongues unfavorably with his own. Even French, he believed, was insipid in comparison with Poland's fiery syllables. This sentiment must have heartened him when matching wits with shrewd French-speaking diplomats at the Peace Conference of 1919. He was neither a professional diplomat nor a professional politician. He experienced an amateur's trials when caught up in technicalities of the League of Nations Council. Paul Hymans, of Belgium, had to help him out. Nevertheless, post-War Poland would have come to but a limping start had Paderewski not fashioned an ingenious, if short-lived agreement, with Marshal Pilsudski as to the division of their supreme powers. Paderewski proved not only that an artist could be a man, but that a fervent patriot could be a citizen of the world, helpful to all nations and at home with all men. The close of his long career brought a bitter test to his patriotism, in the humiliation and destruction of his country. The second World War shattered institutions and contacts that had enabled him to function as a world citizen. But God spared him for one grim satisfaction at the very end, the last week of his life. He saw the two supreme destroyers of Poland, killers of Poland's people, enemies of Poland's ancient religion, at mortal grips with one another. His own long work was done; the rest was in the hands of his Creator.

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VOICES for war were heard. . . . Secretary Ickes declared that the Russo-German war offered the United States "a golden opportunity" in which "to strike, to strike hard and harder, fast and faster." . . . Addressing a conference in Boston attended by twenty-eight Governors, Secretary Knox stated that "the time to use our Navy to clear the Atlantic of the German menace is at hand." . . . Speaking to the National Education Association, Dr. James Bryant Conant, president of Harvard University, justified aid to Russia, and asserted: "Sooner or later the United States as a nation of idealists will

answer a thundering *no* to the question: 'Can we as a people with our freedom threatened let another nation do all the fighting for us?' . . . The North Carolina legislature memorialized Congress in favor of a "Union Now" plan. . . . Congressman Woodring of Pennsylvania proposed the passage of a similar memorial by the legislature of his State. . . . The Fight For Freedom, Inc., continued their campaign by means of newspaper advertisements and meetings. . . . Advertisements headlined: "Youth Urges Action Now" appeared in the press. . . . The American Council on Soviet Relations called a mass meeting at Madison Square Garden, New York, for "American-Soviet Cooperation to Stop Hitler." The Council announced receipt of letters supporting its activities from Theodore Dreiser, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, Colonel Josiah Wedgwood, British Member of Parliament. . . . The Union for Democratic Action, in cooperation with the Fight for Freedom Committee and the New York Chapter Committee to Defend America, announced a "Stop Hitler First Rally," in New York. Speakers listed were John Brophy, C.I.O., Patrick Hitler, nephew of Adolf Hitler, Herbert Agar, Johannes Steel, radio commentator, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Israel Feinberg, A. F. of L. . . . The Communist party urged all-out aid for Russia.

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HEARD likewise were voices against war. . . . In a radio address to the nation, former President Herbert Hoover condemned aid to Russia, remarked that Russia's entry into the war had made a "gargantuan jest" of the interventionist arguments that the United States should fight to preserve democracy. "If we go further and join the war and we win," Mr. Hoover said, "then we have won for Stalin the grip of Communism on Russia and more opportunity for it to extend over the world." . . . Addressing a meeting in Dubuque, sponsored by the America First Committee, Archbishop Beckman took a firm stand against United States entry into the war. . . . Charles A. Lindbergh said before an America First Committee mass meeting in San Francisco that "an alliance between the United States and Russia should be opposed by every American, by every Christian, by every humanitarian in this country." The actress, Lillian Gish, and Senator Clark, of Idaho, addressed the same meeting, the latter remarking: "We have only two friends left on this earth, the Atlantic and the Pacific." . . . Final results of Congressman Fish's poll of his constituents were announced. 27,423 persons in his district voted that the United States stay out of the war, 3,038 voted for war involvement. . . . Senator George declared: "I have not yet accepted the fatalistic doctrine that our actual military or naval participation is inevitable." . . . Said Congressman Woodrum, of Virginia, in the House: "There is nothing in the picture today which should cause Americans to consider seriously a declaration of war." . . . Referring to Secretary Knox's speech urging naval intervention, Senator Walsh asserted that unless this view was shared by the President,

Mr. Knox "is subject to censure." Senator Wheeler declared Secretary Knox should either resign or be ejected from office. Senator Wheeler asked for a Senate investigation of reports that ships of the United States Navy have already attacked German submarines.

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SIGHS of relief were heard around the District of Columbia at news that the threatened march of 100,000 Negroes upon the nation's capital had been called off. A. Phillip Randolph, president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and organizer of the march, had interviewed the President with several members of the Cabinet but to no avail. Finally, on June 25, the President issued the much-desired executive order, binding all future defense contracts with the Government to exclude considerations of race, color or creed from employment qualifications and appointing a special committee to guard against abuses in the Office of Production Management. Though the march itself was called off, the committees were preserved, for use at any future date if the spirit of the executive order should appear not to be fulfilled. Those who planned the march were painfully aware of the lethargy that pervades the public mind, unwilling to realize that equipping a nation for total defense demands sacrifice of prejudices and personal convenience quite as much as sacrifices of personal gain and political profit. They used the only means at hand that appeared capable of conquering this lethargy. It is to be hoped that ordinary common sense, in the future, will induce employers and labor alike—for the blame was impartially distributed—to start no more situations calling for marches on Washington. Various citizens' committees dealing with these abuses of late have learned that such situations frequently arise through sheer thoughtlessness and demand for their correction the persistent education of all parties concerned as to the true merits of the case.

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OHIO'S Catholic press has undertaken a campaign to popularize the State's Catholic shrines, enlisting the aid of full-page publicity and the cooperation of a well-known oil company in supplying route information for motorists. It is an interesting experiment, and highlights a phase of Catholic devotional life which is perhaps growing, but has never been very strongly emphasized in this country. Catholic devotion is not an abstract, but answers the concrete needs of the faithful; and it is a fundamental urge of ordinary human nature to find its deepest devotion not in abstract prayer but centered around definite images, shrines and localities, not necessarily the most artistic in the world, but those rich in associations. And the faith implicit in the undertaking of a pilgrimage, however brief, is productive of much grace, interior and exterior, as experience shows. It is to be hoped that America, which seems to be gradually awakening to this rich source of spiritual life, will continue to develop it more and more fully.

ACCORDING to *Zeit im Querschnitt*, Berlin Catholic weekly, a strong movement exists among Catholics in Germany for a much wider use of the vernacular in the Church's liturgy than is now the case. The writings of Felix Messerschmid, *Liturgie und Gemeinde*, argue for the use of German on the ground of the intimate connection that is found between the people, and thus of the liturgical community, and language. Proposals apply particularly to the German language in the Fore-Mass or Mass of the Catechumens and the priestly Breviary. Historical arguments are drawn from the early Church and from the Eastern Rites. The characteristic culture of the German people would thus, it is said, be drawn into closer alliance with traditional forms of worship.

REUNION of the 160,000,000 Greek and other Eastern Orthodox Christians of the world with the world's 400,000,000 Catholics was called for by Archbishop Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, when he spoke on June 29 to the first diocesan Eucharistic Congress of the Eastern Rite Catholic churches in Chicago. Other than the recognition of the primacy of the Pope, the Delegate cited only one other point of doctrine that separates the churches of the East from Rome: erroneous teaching that Transsubstantiation—change of the Bread and Wine into the Body and Blood of Christ—does not take place at the Consecration but later at the Epiklesis or invocation of the Holy Ghost.

FIVE priests at present are working specifically among the Russians in this country, not the Ukrainians or the Carpatho-Russians, but the "Moscovites," most of whom are refugees from Soviet Russia. The Rev. Andrew Rogosh resides at 263 Mulberry Street, in New York City, and conducts St. Michael's Chapel in the three-story brick building which was once the Chancery of the Archdiocese of New York. The Rev. John H. Ryder, S.J., is stationed in Los Angeles, and the Rev. Nicholas Bonetsky in Boston. These three are all alumni of the Russicum or Russian College in Rome, and are formally addicted to the Eastern Rite jurisdiction. In addition, the Russian Rite and the Russian apostolate are cultivated by two Benedictine Fathers of St. Procopius Abbey, Lisle, Ill.: the Rev. John Chrysostom Tarasiewicz and the Rev. Athanasius Reshetz.

EL SALVADOR, Central American republic, has only one priest for every 12,000 souls, and they are scattered over a wide area. The Most Rev. Luis Chavez y Gonzalez, Archbishop of San Salvador, capital of the nation, issued on June 23 a pastoral convoking the second archdiocesan Catechetical Congress, and observes that "there is an urgent and imperative need for a well-trained laity to carry on catechetical work, thus making up for the lack of priests. School children, too, says the Archbishop, are subjected to various kinds of pervasive propaganda, "destructive to good morals

and conducive to apostasy." The secular school, the liberal or anti-religious press, spiritism and occultism, non-Catholic propaganda and the destruction of the family are influences cited by him. Other bishops in Central American countries have stressed the importance of the lay apostolate to grapple with these evils. As tourists begin to pour into these countries from the United States, it would be well if a little North American Catholic zeal were taken along together with the road-map and the thermos bottle.

TENEMENT windows in the neighborhood of St. Patrick's Old Cathedral, Mott and Mulberry Streets, in New York City, were filled on June 29 with leaning forms. Eyes gazed in wonderment at a semi-circle of Negro men and women singers, dressed in the Third Order Dominican habit, who came, with a group of prominent clergy and laity, to do honor to the memory of Pierre Toussaint, saintly Negro Catholic in the history of New York. His grave, after eighty-eight years, was re-located by Charles Hubert McTague, a student at Seton Hall College. Addresses were made and the hope expressed that the anniversary of his burial, June 30, might be made the subject of an annual commemoration. A week previous to this event, Sister Mary Augustine Howard, of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, colored Religious in Baltimore, died after seventy-four years as a nun. Ninety-four years old at her death, she was already six years of age when Pierre Toussaint was buried after his sixty-six years as a parishioner of Old St. Peter's Church. Mother Augustine entered the Oblate community nineteen months before Father James Gibbons was consecrated Bishop as Vicar-Apostolic of North Carolina.

ACADEMIC freedom is never an easy subject to discuss, due in large measure to the tendency to confuse it with civic or religious freedom, which is not at all the same matter. A simple and clear statement on the Catholic position is found in *A Philosophical Symposium on American Catholic Education*, a booklet recently issued by the Fordham University Press, giving the proceedings of an important philosophical meeting of last year. Says the Rev. Edward B. Rooney, S.J., National Secretary of the Jesuit Educational Association:

The only limitations that Catholics will put on freedom, research, publication and teaching are the limitations of truth itself and sound moral principles. The philosophy of Catholic education claims that truth can come to us and has come to us from sources other than the "scientific method." There are truths that the scientific method can neither reach nor measure. The only research, then, the only publication, the only teaching that Catholic educators limit or proscribe is the research, the publication, the teaching based on postulates or hypotheses which contradict known truths.

The only exception that can be made to such a logical position is to deny, as a certain type of educational philosopher does deny, that there is *any* known or ascertainable truth. This position itself, however, is as assertive as any it claims to combat.

SPEED AND COOPERATION— THE CIO PLAN FOR REARMAMENT

JOSEPH H. FICHTER



TERRIFIED politicians and patriots see the dictators lurking above every cloud, behind every curling ocean wave. They want full cooperation in all parts of the defense effort and speedy protection against all possible invaders. An occasional bellow out of Washington tells us that there is an aluminum shortage, that we will have to cut down on gasoline consumption, that steel and planes are coming along too slowly, that production of coal and oil is below the requirements.

The name-calling and finger-pointing continue as a kind of domestic index of our hopes and fears. In spite of a panicky beginning we are really making progress, and the twin necessities of *speed* and *cooperation* loom as more than mere possibilities.

As a matter of public record, however, there are still many kinks in the cable of defense production, and until they are untangled by closer cooperation we shall not have the speed we all desire. No one must assume all the blame for this state of affairs. Perhaps everyone is a bit blameworthy: the theorists in Washington for being too dreamy; the production experts who are sourly pessimistic; the politicians for log-rolling; the big companies for hogging contracts; the workers for striking.

Happily the American people usually get what they want, provided that they yell long enough and loudly enough for it. This time they want speed and cooperation in the armament program; and I believe that up to now the Congress of Industrial Organizations has offered the best way of getting both. The CIO Defense Plan, with its Industry Councils and National Defense Board, has been examined and found good, but not yet adopted.

The labor organization that has been most condemned and most maligned during the past few years is probably offering more solid suggestions and performing more lasting work than any other group in the present set-up. While individual unions have been bickering for more wages and better conditions, while corporations have fought over contracts, while politicians have berated each other as interventionists or isolationists, the CIO has quietly been searching for a workable plan.

Now the CIO has come forward with an over-all defense plan; and it has not obtained the hearing it deserves. Partial objectives have been aimed at, too. Walter P. Reuther of the United Automobile Workers elaborated statistically a program for the utilization of the automobile industry for the mass production of airplanes. The buzz of excitement

subsided and now we hear nothing further of the idea. Has it been shelved? Philip Murray, on behalf of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, worked out a plan to achieve total steel output to aid national defense. He presented it to the President last January but the nation has heard practically nothing more about it.

These partial schemes, aimed to break two important bottlenecks, were practical immediate steps in the direction of speed and cooperation. The CIO spent time and money in gathering the facts and completing the survey in both automobile and steel industries. Sidney Hillman and Robert Patterson seemed to agree that these specific findings were sound, but they took little action on them.

Impressive as was the extensive arithmetic behind this plan to put idle men and machines to work, it was little more than a sample of the complete CIO scheme. The CIO Defense Plan, a long range program for the nation's industrial coordination, is of the utmost significance for our future social economy. It is designed not only for immediate operation, for the fulfilment of our present requirements, but contains the germ of a revitalization of our whole economic and social structure.

Philip Murray, President of the CIO and Chairman of the SWOC, presented the Defense Plan to President Roosevelt, the Cabinet, and the National Defense Advisory Commission, in December of last year. It had been unanimously approved by the CIO Executive Board, as canny a group of social strategists as any existing in the country today. It was limited for application to the major basic and vital defense industries, but can easily be expanded to include every occupational group in the country.

Philip Murray's plan is basically a functional one, an idea which Catholic social theorists have long been offering for the reconstruction of our peace-time economy. Speaking at the National Symposium at Kansas City in May, David McDonald, Secretary of the SWOC, remarked that the men behind the plan had thoroughly investigated the functional theory of the labor *Encyclicals*.

In barest outline, the CIO Defense Plan calls for the establishment of an Industry Council at the head of each industry, and a National Defense Board as the coordinating unit for all industries. The Councils are made up of an equal number of representatives (probably three) of management and labor, together with one representative of government who will act as chairman.

Regarding its function in the Steel Industry, Murray says that "this plan is founded on the fact that the entire Iron, Steel and Tin producing industry should be organized into one great production unit in order to assure this country of an adequate supply of iron and steel for civilian and military needs."

While the European War still continues, and until our present armament program is completed, these Industry Councils would have four definite objectives to achieve: (a) discover as accurately as possible the civilian and military requirements the industry is expected to meet; (b) re-employ skilled labor, train new workers, and in general provide a sufficiency of the right men in the right places; (c) eliminate bottlenecks within the industry by re-allocating contracts to companies with temporarily idle men and by spreading the work over slack periods; (d) promote peace between management and labor by following the general labor policy of the National Defense Advisory Commission and making labor contracts for the whole industry.

The advantages of this set-up of Industry Councils needs no explanation to those who are aware of the Papal recommendations for occupational or functional groups. It is the most logical known arrangement for the achievement of that cooperation so ardently desired not only for war effort but also, and more importantly, for peace economy.

Vitally needed industry-wide coordination has never been achieved in the history of our country. As Philip Murray remarks:

All existing machinery is organized on a horizontally specialized basis in contrast to the vertical industry basis so necessary at present. A separate division exists for each special field such as production, raw materials, labor, etc. Each division extends into all industries, divides each industry into separate segments, and prevents industry-wide coordination and integration.

Above all, the Industry Council Plan is eminently practical, for it finds its blueprints in the very operations of each company within the industry. Whether in steel, coal, automotives, airplane, oil, each individual company has a production expert who coordinates the company's needs to its facilities. He works out the schedule for men and materials weeks in advance, and guarantees the most efficient utilization of both. If this Scheduling Clerk, as he is called in steel mills, can perform this job for his own company, why can there not be a "Top Scheduling Clerk" (the Industry Council) to do the same thing for the entire Industry?

Naturally enough, the individual industrialists are now looking out for themselves, lobbying in Washington for the largest contracts, and happy to have an enormous backlog of orders, even if they cannot fill them for the next two years. Each of these is now operating as a segregated economic unit, working on the principle used for ordinary domestic production, that is, he is "out to get the business." The Industry Council is designed to point out to the Federal contracting agencies that there are idle men and idle productive capacity in the smaller companies and in different regions.

Viewed, however, from a national point of view,

the Industry Councils are of themselves inadequate to cope with national problems. Operating as efficiently as they may in the individual industries, they still require a superior National Economic Council to coordinate them. Just as the various factors in each industry must be brought into smooth harmony, so must the various industries be themselves united on a country-wide scale.

For the present time this superior coordinating group would be called the National Defense Board, consisting of equal numbers of representatives from management and organized labor. The chairman would be the President of the United States.

The duties of the National Defense Board are similar to those outlined above for the Industry Councils, but would handle national rather than industry problems. The Board would foresee the demands to be made on the different industries and would issue these demands sufficiently in advance. It would watch the relative progress of the industries, making sure that the production of one will not be stopped by the break-down of another. It would strive to dovetail an emergency economy with a normal domestic economy, guaranteeing the maintenance of the American standard of living and democratic American ideals both during and after the operation of the defense program.

This latter thought is uppermost in the minds of Christian social thinkers. What is to be the aftermath of our speedy national cooperation? What will our domestic economy look like when the European War shall have come to an end, and we feel reasonably strong against any possible enemies?

The evolving of these questions makes us somewhat anxious over certain features of the CIO Defense Plan. Our anxiety grows out of the presence of Government appointees on both Industry Council and National Board. Of course, when most of the business is in armament contracts and when the Federal Government is the largest customer, it is only reasonable to admit that Federal officials should have a place in the plan. But our democratic instincts warn us to be chary of too much "appointed" supervision.

The CIO is itself looking forward to a modification of its plan in normal times, and believes that it is foolhardy to plan merely for emergencies. It seems to me that the ideal adaptation after the defense emergency has been passed would envision guidance by law, not by Government appointees.

If the CIO Defense Plan is to be put into permanent use in our peacetime economy, it had best have the chairmen and members of the Industry Councils and of the National Board democratically elected by management and labor. The President of the United States is already overwhelmed with other duties, and the army of political appointees is already an out-sized monstrosity.

Finally, and almost parenthetically, it must be noted that Agriculture cannot be left unrepresented in any national reconstruction of our social economy. The CIO occasionally thinks of the farmer and sometimes makes a reference to his problems, but is waiting for him to take the initiative.

SOME STIFF HURDLES STILL HANDICAP NEGRO DOCTORS

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL



IN a recent statistical survey of the "new men in white" (AMERICA, May 31, 1941), I remarked that there is another group of newly licensed doctors that deserves a separate study, viz., the undergraduate and graduate Negro students of medicine. AMERICA, particularly through the writing of Father LaFarge, has shown especial interest in the physical, intellectual and religious progress of our fellow American Negro citizens. Next to the priesthood, the medical professional probably represents the best opportunity for the Catholic educated Negro to be of assistance to his fellow American Negro. Unfortunately, statistics on the newly licensed Negro doctors who are Catholics are not available. The general facts will throw light which can be applied to the Catholic Negro medical student and graduate.

In a paper read before the thirty-seventh annual congress on Medical Education and Licensure at Chicago, February 17, 1941, Dr. Edward L. Turner, Dean of Meharry (Negro) Medical College, Nashville, Tennessee, pointed out that during the worst years of the depression the general trend in all Negro professional groups showed a decided decline in students. Thus during 1930-31, there were 497 Negro medical students in the seventy-seven class-A medical schools in the country. In 1934-35, however, the number of these students had dropped to 402, a loss of 95, though the actual increase in the total number of all medical students had risen during this period to its highest enrolment of 22,888, a gain of 1,291. Evidently, the young Negro, eager for a medical education, lacked the financial means for this higher educational field.

Again, though there was a gradual decline in the total number of medical students in the country from 1934-35 to 1939-40 of approximately 3.1 per cent, that of the Negroes in the same field was 30 per cent. I quote Dr. Turner's explanation:

The greatest single factor in this steady decline has been the slower economic recovery of the Negro group as a whole. Depression hit the Negro early and severely, and recovery has been proportionately slow. Incidentally, in years past it has been possible for Negro students to obtain remunerative work as Pullman porters, waiters and at similar tasks during the summer vacation months . . . although the situation has been better during the past year or two, they are still more difficult to obtain than formerly.

Of the 350 Negro medical students in the United States during 1938-39, we find that 87.4 per cent were in the two Negro medical schools of Meharry

College, Tennessee, and Howard University, District of Columbia, while the remaining 45 students were scattered among 23 other institutions. As there are 67 class-A medical schools in the country, this means that 42 such schools had no Negro medical students. Meharry College and Howard University have a heavy and disproportionate responsibility in providing for the medical education of such a large proportion of all Negroes earnestly bent on becoming qualified doctors of medicine. According to Dr. Turner, both these institutions are fortunate in their physical plants and teaching hospital facilities, as well as in their faculties. Meharry Medical College deserves greater praise as it is one of the minority in all medical schools that receives no State or Federal financial support. Howard University on the other hand, though it is technically a private institution, "derives nearly three-fourths of its income from the Federal Government" and according to Doxey A. Wilkerson in his *Special Problems of Negro Education* (U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.) probably no other non-military institution of higher education in the nation receives so large a proportion of its income from Federal Government funds. Strangely enough, despite these resources from Washington, Howard University has only 34.85 per cent of the total Negro medical students in the country, while Meharry College has 52.29 per cent.

The preclinical departments of the two colleges are staffed by "thoroughly competent Negroes whose training in their respective fields has been obtained in the outstanding medical educational centers in the United States and Canada," in the words of Dr. Turner. To obtain similarly capable clinical facilities exclusively from Negro doctors has been impossible so far. The first objective has rightly been to offer the best clinical facilities for the Negro students. Accordingly, the faculties consist largely of capable white physicians and surgeons working with a Negro staff. Meanwhile, outstanding Negro medical graduates are being sent on fellowships provided by certain foundations to the best medical training centers of the country.

Perhaps the most difficult problem in the training of Negro doctors is that of premedical students. At least two years of such studies are a prerequisite for admission to any medical college. The physical sciences are stressed in this training. Too expensive laboratory facilities are often demanded in

place of adequate facilities. Smaller colleges are frequently under heavy financial burdens and find it straitening to meet extravagant material demands of class-A colleges. And yet admission to a class-A medical school is practically limited to students from class-A premedical colleges. There are parts of the country where Negroes are excluded from the only class-A premedical courses in that vicinity. Perhaps the recent decision of the Supreme Court requiring the State of Missouri to provide equal facilities for Negroes as for other citizens will help to remove in part this injustice. Meanwhile the small Negro private colleges offering premedical courses must continue to rely on the excellent training actually given, as proved by their alumni who have been fortunate enough to have been accepted "on probation" in a class-A medical school.

Until recently, the peculiar difficulties of the Negro doctor did not end with his successful completion of four years in a class-A medical school. He must still have the facility open to him for a year, at least, of internship. Some medical schools make this a *sine qua non* for a diploma and the title of Doctor of Medicine. According to M. O. Bousfield in his *Internships, Residencies and Post-graduate Training*, there has been a vast improvement in the number and quality of internships open to the Negro medical graduate compared to those of 1927, the first year statistics were made available concerning Negroes. Only 60 per cent were able to obtain internships. Today the opportunity exceeds the demand. However, the Negro doctor who would still further train himself through residencies in approved hospitals finds that the facilities are limited or inadequate for him.

Another handicap peculiar to the Negro doctor in parts of our broad country is ostracism from local medical societies. Dr. Edward L. Turner in the article from which I have already quoted declares:

In certain areas in the United States there has been no opportunity for the Negro physician to gather with his white colleagues in the city, county or state meetings . . . (he) is to a large extent dependent on himself entirely when he begins his practice.

Under these circumstances it is hardly possible for the same Negro doctor to be an active member of the American Medical Association.

Finding themselves under this un-Christian handicap, Negro doctors have not been without resourceful initiative. They have organized their own Medical Associations, usually of counties or of a whole State, accordingly as the number of Negro doctors and their geographic location suggested.

Three of the better known of these Negro Medical Associations are the Mississippi State Medical Association, the Volunteer State Medical Society and the Mound City Medical Society of St. Louis.

At the April, 1941, meeting of the Mississippi State Medical Society, practically all the Negro physicians of that State were in attendance. According to an expert witness the subject matter of the papers and discussions which followed were on a par in learning and practicality with those of similar medical conventions of non-Negro doctors. Simi-

lar praise was bestowed on the June, 1941, gathering of the Volunteer (Tennessee) State Medical Society at Meharry Medical College in Nashville. The Mound City Medical Society of St. Louis is known for its profitable annual meetings.

When the Negro doctor comes forth from his long training, equally well prepared and skilled as his white brother, is it an exaggeration to say that he is under greater handicaps? At least we can understand that such is the opinion of his fellow Negroes who have studied the problem of the Negro doctor. It was very well stated in a letter I received recently from an outstanding Negro, not a doctor, in New York City, and by no means given to extravagant statements. I quote:

There is certainly need of new standards in the matter of fees . . . in getting an (medical) education and in making a doctor's living. Poverty drives Negro doctors out of the South. It is the same force that keeps European doctors in New York; at least, variants of the same economic forces, plus the tendency of young Negroes to get as far away from the rural South as possible. Sometimes, the local white physicians "invite" Negro doctors out, even when the Negroes are the patients in question.

That too many Negro doctors of twenty years ago were not fully trained, should not be charged against the individually well trained Negro doctor of the two succeeding decades. Unfortunately, evidence of a "Ku Klux Klan side of American medicine" is at hand, according to the writer of the letter I quoted above. On the other hand, such persecution is no longer publicly countenanced in better American medical circles. I am happy to quote from one of America's best reputed surgeons, Dr. Irvin Abel of Louisville, Ky., in his recent *The Spirit of Medicine*:

Medicine today is probably the most liberal of all the professions of society . . . the most international of sciences . . . least nationalistic . . . knowing neither geographic nor racial bounds. . . . In medicine all men are alike. . . . Its devotees meet on common ground in practice, in research, in hospitals, in schools and conventions, where eager minds come together for mutual improvement and understanding.

Dr. Abel is a Catholic, a Southern gentleman, and a former president of the American Medical Association. His forthright proclamation of the soul of medicine as vivifying its practice today with its no "racial bounds," its "common ground in practice—in conventions" is a happy reassurance to the Negro doctor, in fact to every democratic lover of our United States and particularly to every Christian.

But even from a purely sociological point of view, the inescapable conclusion is had in the words of Dean Turner: "In the end, it will mean better medicine, better cooperation and a truly worth while improvement in the care of the Negro physician for his patient."

For a stimulating comparison of Negro children's health with that of non-Negro youngsters, and inferentially for the need of Negro doctors, I refer the reader to the May, 1941, issue of *The Child* (United States Department of Labor, Children's Bureau). It deserves a wide distribution.

AID TO SOVIET RUSSIA REQUIRES SOME GUARANTEES

JOHN LaFARGE

IT would be interesting to know how many people on the eastern seaboard of the United States had their radios tuned in at 6:30 a.m. Sunday, June 29, in order to listen to the discourse which the Holy Father uttered at his Solemn Mass in Saint Peter's that morning. How many on Central Time were listening at 5:30; how many still earlier who were further west? Only those who listened at the early hour were rewarded, for an odd surprise awaited those who depended on a re-broadcast.

In the weekly radio schedule of the New York press it was announced: "Pope Pius XII, from Vatican City, Discussing 'The Soviet in the War'—WEAF, WJZ, WABC, 9:30-10 a.m." But when the hour arrived the brief announcement was made: "The program scheduled for this period has been canceled. In its place we shall listen to . . ."

Just what happened? Whoever was responsible for the wording of the announcement had made a miscalculation, for the Holy Father said not a word about Soviet Russia, or any other nation, nor did he discuss the issues of the war. His talk was as declared in the opening sentence: "Some considerations on Divine Providence in human events."

What he did give was a tremendous summary of the incredible ravages of war upon human existence, particularly upon the lives of the innocent: "sin and evil penetrating the lives of individuals, the sacred shrine of the family, the social organism"; havoc to homes, religious persecution, and the "terrible suggestion of doubt" which, he said, may have occurred to some of the weaker among first Christians at the death of the Apostles.

After this picture of the world disaster which recalled Cardinal Newman's famous words as to the evils resulting from original sin which "dizzy and appal," the Pope wrestled, Job-like, with the problem of evil. He stated it frankly, and answered with the sublime reminder that "all men are as children before God; all, even the most profound thinkers and the most experienced leaders of peoples (*condottieri*, *Führers* and *Duces*)"; and contrasted man's shortsighted view with the "all-embracing panorama of the ages" which God "has before Him." But this was not sufficiently newsworthy to warrant a re-broadcast. So at 9:30 we were treated to a little canned music.

In point of fact, the Holy Father said much more about the "Soviet in the War" or however you wish to express it than if he had talked for two hours about Stalin, Molotov, the Red army and

the Panzers. As some of the more intelligent correspondents observed, his very silence as to any explicit pronouncements was itself deeply significant. There was no loophole afforded to those who would try to use the Holy See's attitude as a support for any political or military schemes. What he *did* say was, in point of fact, the most essential thing that could be uttered about Russia and the war at the present moment. It is fantastically unreasonable to attempt to comment upon the German-Soviet conflict in the light of merely contemporary issues. It can only remotely be understood when seen in age-long perspective.

The conflict between Germany and Soviet Russia teaches exactly the lesson that was taught, three years ago, by the alliance or union between the Soviet and the Axis Powers: that totalitarianism, whether it be of the Bolshevik or of the Axis variety, is the result of a complete breakdown in human society, which springs from a breakdown in religious and spiritual life, and issues in a collapse of political institutions. Whether they work together or devour one another is immaterial, as far as the reality goes. Their enmities as well as their friendships are based upon an equal denial of principle, an equal hatred of the spiritual and the supernatural in man, an equal determination to dominate the world by violence and deceit.

As has been frequently observed during the past week, what is now going on is the battle of two revolutions, not merely of two nations.

Yet one of these combatants, Soviet Russia, looks to some sort of help from the United States. This help has been promised. It is promised with no endorsement of the revolution which Soviet Russia represents. It is promised to Soviet Russia simply as a nation: help to "Russia" which is fighting Nazi Germany, not help to Communism or Bolshevism as combatants.

Protests have been made against extending this help, any kind of help, but the protests have not prevailed. We have a lend-lease act, and under that act extraordinary measures of assistance can be taken.

But if such help is to be extended, is it to be given without any of that wider vision, that regard for historical perspective and for ultimates which the Pope reminds us of? Are we to be such shortsighted creatures, in other words, as to deal with a revolution, in extending this aid, precisely as we would do with a mere nation? If we are thus short-

sighted, and make this mistake, we shall find the revolution will return to plague our doorstep.

May Mr. Welles say to Mr. Oumansky something like this:

"Mr. Oumansky, you are the Ambassador to the United States of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. You are here as the representative not of the Third International nor are you an ambassador *a latere* from Lenin's tomb. You represent what is assumed to be a nation, and as a nation, Soviet Russia asks the United States for some extra tanks, machine tools, or whatever we can get to Vladivostok. We assume, of course, that in the case—which we regard as highly remote—that Russia *should* conceivably switch back to an alliance with Hitler, or the Red army should undertake, after conquering him, to do a little footwork in western Europe, that you will wrap all these things up and ship them back to us.

"Since, however, you request this aid as a nation and not as a revolution, we are obliged to ask of you a convincing pledge that your disassociation from revolutionary intent is a matter of deed, and not of mere words and proclamations. There is a very simple way in which this can be accomplished. Nothing will act in a more speedy and satisfactory way to convince the people of America—it is the people of this country themselves who are lending and leasing you these objects—that they are dealing with a civilized nation and not with a subversive power.

"My proposal is the same as that which was made to Mr. Litvinov by President Hoover, which was agreed to by Mr. Litvinov, but was never carried out. It is that your country should *do* what Mr. Litvinov said he would do, and establish in Soviet Russia complete religious freedom."

To this Mr. Oumansky will undoubtedly reply: "But the USSR has complete religious freedom. Did you not read in today's dispatch from Moscow (June 29) that the Acting Patriarch Sergei, Metropolitan of Moscow, called upon Heaven and celebrated Mass in Moscow on behalf of the Soviet's fight against Hitler?"

Mr. Welles's reply to this would be simple. The "Acting Patriarch" Sergei, as his history shows, is a mere creature of the Bolshevik Government, with no more freedom than any other of the million cogs in the Soviet machine. It was Sergei who issued delusive statements to the effect that "there was no religious persecution in Russia" during the winter of 1929-30. Much more to the point would be to recall certain places in the headlines during these days, as the Germans march into White Russia. In the archdiocese of Mohilev and Minsk, for instance, in 1917, there were 473 Catholic priests; 337 churches and chapels; 1,160,546 Catholics. In 1926 but 85 priests of this diocese remained in Russia; 151 priests were obliged to leave; 11 were in prison. In 1935 there were but 16 of the 85 priests left, it is doubtful if any remain today. Similar figures are given for the diocese of Lutsk-Zhitomir. In 1935 in all Siberia but one Catholic priest was left; he was at Omsk.

The proposal is not an impractical one, demand-

ing impossible guarantees. There are four things the Soviet Government could easily do, in order to show at least some semblance of religious freedom in Russia.

First, it could permit the instruction of youth and children in the religion of their parents, by the parents themselves and by recognized teachers of the respective religious bodies.

Second, it could put a stop to anti-religious propaganda, which is now carried on as a major activity of the Soviet Government; and freedom permitted to speak and write in favor of religion.

In the third place, the clergy and Religious, Catholic and non-Catholic, who are now imprisoned on Solovyetsky Island or elsewhere, could be released; and those who have been deported to the NKVD labor camps brought back to their former places of residence: that is to say, if any of them are still alive.

Finally, permission could be given to Catholics to reopen their closed churches and for the public to frequent the same.

All this is not religious freedom, in the full sense, but it is at least the elimination of the most flagrant persecutory abuses.

Though simple and practical, the proposal is *fundamental*; and this for a very essential reason.

Nazism is as thoroughly inimical to God and Christianity as is Bolshevism. "Brown Bolshevism," as National Socialism is termed by Waldeimar Gurian, has the added merit (in reverse) of being subtler and more plausible in its approach and capable of special appeal to those who are shocked by the idiocies and gross outrages of Red Bolshevism. Nazism, however, is not committed to *declaring* itself anti-religious. It can assume even the role of a patron of the Church and of a defender of Christianity. Nazi affiliates in foreign countries are little concerned over what is or is not done to religion in Germany. They will simply accept Nazi anti-Christianity when it comes their way. Red Bolshevism, however, committed itself from the start to a world attack on religion. It has become part of the international Soviet tradition. Flips may flop, but the *New Masses* or the *Daily Worker* clings to the explicit old anti-religion line.

For this reason, any *real* break with religious persecution in Moscow means a *break with the revolutionary movement as such*. It means a choice of purely national existence as compared to party existence. Religion, though actually largely extinguished in Russia, is a potential dynamite in that country. Release it at any point for free action, and it will rise again like a sleeping giant and sweep the nation from Minsk to Vladivostok. It is a simple proposal but a stiff proposal we wish to have laid before Mr. Oumansky. But the only reason it is stiff is because of Soviet Russia's subversive commitments in the past. Those who got the Russian people into that fix can reasonably be expected to get them out of it. Hence, if we take the Pope's long-range view as to the combatants in the Russo-German war we cannot be blamed if we ask for a few fundamentals to be considered before any help is given to Soviet Russia.

THE PERFECT PARISH NEEDS ACTIVE LAYMEN

MARIE MOREAU

IF YOU happen to be short of funds, all you need do is to sit down and write out the "inside" information on the evil machinations of the Church of Rome. If you have any imagination at all, and can find enough gullible editors, you always should have money in the bank.

A few months ago, in a journal of opinion which does not usually run much along the lines of the Confessions of Maria Monk, an ex-Catholic gave her reasons, at so much per word, for leaving the Church. She did make one point, which Catholics could do well to ponder, when she scored the lazy habit of the laity in letting the burden of parish financial administration with all its multiplicity of practical details fall entirely upon the shoulders of the pastor.

This inertia on the part of Catholics is doing the Church an incalculable amount of harm. No one expects the principal of a school to assess and collect taxes, to issue debentures, to deal with architects and contractors when a new school plant is to be built, to take care of carpenters, plumbers, painters and electricians in the ordinary course of things, and then, if he has any time left, to teach the children. Yet we expect all this from our pastors, and have the impudence to become offended if they should fail to attend every last bingo, bazaar, card-party, festival and tea that is held in the parish.

We are the first to suffer from our folly. Granted that we have had the good fortune to attend Catholic schools, it is still quite possible that we have forgotten much of our religion along with our algebra. Go into almost any church in the land on a Sunday morning. The pews will be well-filled, but eight out of ten people there do not even use a missal. The Mass is the very heart-beat of the Church, but all the prayers of the Ordinary, all the beauty and wisdom of the readings of the Introit, the Collects, the Epistle and the Offertory fall upon too many deaf ears. It is, in part, to remedy this situation that a sermon is prescribed. When the priest steps into the pulpit, the faithful settle down amid a rattling of rosaries, wild gropings for the elusive holy cards that come fluttering out of the pages of the Little Key to Heaven, while a few are frantically catching up on the novena that never misses.

This man, whom God has singled out from among many, to bear on his soul the ineffaceable mark of the priesthood, what instruction, what inspiration, what comfort will he have to give to the servants of God assembled there before him? Too often his sermon is a disappointment, both to himself and to his congregation, simply because the

pressure of extraneous duties does not allow him sufficient time to give it proper preparation. Sitting in front of him are accountants, competent business men, lawyers, sometimes even a judge or two, men who would be just as successful in cooperating in problems of parish finances as their Protestant friends in similar walks of life are in administering the finances of the Protestant churches to which they belong.

God has not chosen the laity to tell the lonely of heart (as so many of us must be, or why would popular songs be so sad) of the great and wonderful love, Jesus Christ, Who made Himself our brother, bears toward each one of us. The lay people cannot stand up in church and cheer the lowly with the thought that every man and woman there has existed in the mind of God before time began, and that the Church to which we belong will remember us in every Mass until the last day of the world. Nor can we strengthen our contemporary heroines, those Catholic wives who dare to become mothers more than twice, with a sermon on the infinite worth of one human soul. We laymen are not called to do any of these things, but surely we could lend a helping hand in seeing to it that the parish church is kept open and in good repair, and that the priests who serve it are assisted in getting enough to live on.

True, the Church will continue to progress, even without sermons, and this article would be wholly without point if all Catholics who attend church regularly were in reality convinced Catholics. This does not necessarily mean perfect Catholics, but Catholics who are convinced that their Faith is the biggest and most worthwhile thing in their lives. It does not require virtue in any heroic degree to choose someone to share one's life who also shares one's Faith, for parents to give their children a Catholic education if they can give them nothing else, and to contribute even in a small way to the establishment of the Church in pagan lands. Yet these elementary duties are too often neglected, not through essential sinfulness, or the persons concerned would hardly continue to practise their religion. Indifference may be to blame, and the cause of that indifference is very often plain, simple ignorance.

Those who would prefer to see laymen more active in the administration of their parish, point out that seminaries are not schools of business administration, and that their graduates do not ordinarily hold a degree in commerce. Too often in the past, a pastor has erected a magnificent church to the greater glory of God, without giving a thought to the financial status of his parish and without displaying any unseemly eagerness to ask or take advice. Another might inherit an appalling debt, take it very much to heart, and strive manfully to pay off as much of it as he possibly can, and more than he needs to. In such parishes there will inevitably be much talk of money from the pulpit and, in due course, the number of vocations will fall and the number of mixed marriages will rise and parish fervor will cool.

This is not meant as an apology for tightwads,

since what we give away means that we have much less to spend on ourselves; hence an excellent opportunity of doing penance. But there are cases where inspiration can be combined with sacrifice. Is it to the credit of the Catholics of North America that the transportation of Government-donated wheat to the people of Spain, who had suffered persecution because of the Faith, would have had to be financed entirely by the Quakers, had it not been for AMERICA's timely campaign? Or that their annual per-capita contribution to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith amounts to only a few cents? It may be that we are hard of heart or it may be that certain points are not brought home to us. One can understand the reluctance of a pastor, with last winter's coal bill still unpaid in July, to see money go out of his parish. If he could let the laymen worry about the repairs to the roof, there are many things a priest could tell us. It is hard to remain complacent about hearing half a Mass on Sunday, when one has been told from the pulpit, for example, something of the difficulties which our fellow Catholics in other parts of the world meet in attending Mass, and the loyalty and devotion with which they overcome these difficulties. This is merely a sample of the inspiring things we might be taught, if time were available to the priests for gathering necessary material. It may be permitted to mention here one more point, a point vital to the life and expansion of the universal Church.

From now on, and for many years to come, the work of the missionaries must be supported by the Catholics of the New World. Not only must we spend less on ourselves, but we must spend less in our parishes, if the work of spreading the Kingdom of God is to be done. A chapel could be built in China for what a communion rail often costs at home. It may be Puritanism, but it seems preferable that our churches should be less expensive, and that whole generations should not live and die in a spiritual darkness as black as that which hung over the Gentile world in the years before the birth of Christ.

Greater cooperation by the laity in financial matters would free the pastor from a good many temporal cares. Then, too, the men who would work on such boards would not only be afforded the opportunity of serving God according to their talents, but would also acquire invaluable experience in leadership. The terrible disaster that has overtaken the world is due to the wickedness of the few and to the inertia of the many, who have allowed evil or stupid men to gain and hold the direction of affairs.

The trouble with so many good people is that we have never been forced to interest ourselves in anything that does not concern us personally. We will not even put ourselves out to protest against what is unwise or unjust, unless we happen to be directly affected. It may be possible that more religion in our Sunday sermons and a greater willingness on the part of the laity to assume responsibility may be a long step toward building the new and better world we hope to see.

WHAT THE WILD WAVES SAID ABOUT POLITICS

FIRST WARD COUNCILMAN

TODAY our local politicians are weeping great crocodile tears. The good citizens of our town are up in arms. At last, we have a visible and dramatic example of the hitherto unrecognized result of bad city government.

Sometimes it seems to us that it doesn't do a bit of good to preach the old, old lesson that bad politicians, even when they seem to be helping you, are really robbing you. There is not a person in a badly governed town who does not pay in dollars and cents for the skulduggery and double-dealing that goes on in the City Hall. Don't fool yourself! You—and you—and I! Every one of us gets nicked and gets nicked plenty for not making sure that good men get into office.

We get nicked how? We pay \$3.83 for street work. Somebody splits that with a smart contractor and we get less than two dollars' worth of street laid. Our boulevards become a disgrace. Drivers will not risk their springs on them. So they detour our town—any town in this fix—and every merchant on Front Street loses a possible customer.

Or we pay \$2.90 into the police fund and our police are told to wink at crimes because someone is being paid off. So, our little girl runs into the street. A drunken bum, who is a "two-time-loser" and would be in the penitentiary except for the fact that he "knows someone" in town, comes along and knocks her over.

Or the fire hose, on which someone got a cut, cannot take the pressure and an apartment house burns down.

There is nothing new about that. It is as old as the hills. But we seldom pay attention to it till it is brought to our own front doors. Then we forget all too soon after the trouble has blown over. Our consciences get tired too easily.

But, right now, here in our little town, we are all stirred up. We are going to do something about this terrible situation, and we are not going to forget. Oh, I hope we don't!

What is happening is that our neighbors' homes are falling into the ocean. Their bath-tubs and radios and kitchen-sinks, all gone, all washed out to sea. The savings of a lifetime crushed by the waves even though there are still unpaid balances on the mortgages on the homes they have lost. Just like what happens when the Yangtze floods. But, you see, these people are not over in China. They are right here where we can see them, where we can talk with them. They are our neighbors and our friends. They are not rich. Some of them have a little laid by, but none of them can afford what has happened. So, we are going to do something about it.

Naturally, we representatives of bad government did not go over there personally and push those pretty little homes off their pilings. Neither did we go out a hundred yards into the ocean and stir up those mountain-high waves. In fact, we didn't do a thing! Not a single, solitary thing that anyone can definitely pin on any of us. We just sat there and took it—or let our friends and neighbors take it for us. No. In any court of law, we would all go free, the whole kit and kaboodle of us. "Not guilty! Why bring such silly cases into this court?" No! They can never "get" us or punish us for doing absolutely nothing.

Still, if we look back and if we have any consciences left, maybe we do not sleep quite so soundly as we should when we hear the surf pounding louder than usual; when we know that good people, who still have roofs over their heads, have lighted lamps in their bed-rooms and are waiting helplessly for the next crushing blow of the relentless combers.

We had a warning just a year ago. Most of the sand and a few little lunch-shacks went out. But we did not do anything about it. Oh, we spent some money at the time to lessen the disaster. But we did not make a "plan." We did not look into the future. We lacked vision, without which, we are told, even the ancient peoples perished and slipped into dusty oblivion.

No. We threw in some sand-bags, nailed up some six-by-sixes and called it a day. You see, there were other and more interesting projects to catch our fancy. So we went ahead and spent and spent and spent on those more interesting projects. Spent money as fast as we got it—before we got it, in fact. If anyone suggested setting up an emergency sinking fund, the wise ones, the "practical politicians," laughed. "Remember the sinking fund that old fogey Reform Council set up eight years ago? Thirty-five hundred dollars, or something like that! Boy, did we go to town! Three weeks and it was all gone! Sinking fund, huh! Save money for some other gang to come in and spend? Not on your life! Don't be funny!"

So we went ahead and bought a lot of things we did not need and paid more than we should have for some of the things we did need. And, all the while, that little group down there on the shore were pleading and wondering and urging. But all they got were some easy promises and a pat on the back. You see, we had other and more delicious fish to fry.

Thus, another storm-season rolled around and, with it, more urgent pleas from the beach. Shore-erosion experts came down, shook their heads, and told us so-and-so. Beach conservation groups got busy. But, no one did much of anything but talk, because that was all that was left of our job. We could not do anything constructive because we did not have a cent of money for a single thing that they wanted us to do.

So the rains descended and the floods came. Thousands of people rushed down to thrill to the gory spectacle. Parking-lot owners and sandwich-stand proprietors did a land-office business. News-

reel and newspaper camera-men hung from teetering rain-gutters to get the most spectacular and graphic shots.

Up at the City Hall, we shook our heads, said it was terrible, and began talking about traffic signals in the other end of town.

Now, on the surface, it is pretty hard to tie in the weakness of our City Hall with the weakness of those pilings under the houses at the beach. But some of the ex-home-owners down there actually did. They had a meeting. Not a big one. Almost a private one so that everyone could take down his hair and say exactly what he thought. And suddenly a great light dawned.

Someone said: "Election is coming in April! Can't we wake 'em up then?" And another said: "I've never bothered to vote before, but, believe me, I'm going to this time. If we had half of what's been squandered in the last two years. . . ."

You see? Bad government, even when it is not downright crooked, is inefficient government. It is inefficient because the representatives, who have been carelessly elected, are not as careful of city funds as they would be of their own. Even when there is no graft-taking, that is likely to become almost criminal carelessness. That sort of councilman is thinking more about what he is going to get—in glory and power, in ease of re-election, and sometimes in money—than about the general welfare of the whole city. And strangely, when he does that, the whole city, his own ward included, pays the price. It pays in dowdiness, slackness, down-at-the-heels appearance. It pays in business lost because possible buyers almost automatically go to clean, brisk, attractive nearby towns to do their shopping. It pays in loss of taxes because would-be home-owners and home-buyers are afraid to risk their investments and their futures in towns that do not "smell right."

We all lose, but it sometimes takes a tragic catastrophe to bring the fact dramatically to our attention. Right now, we are sorry as we can be for our friends who have lost their homes and possessions. We shall never forget the thing we have done to them. But, dark as their cloud may be, it does seem to have a brighter lining. That lining is the feeling that has spread all through the town, that we owe it to ourselves and to our neighbors—to our pocketbooks and our bank accounts: first, to urge and insist that careful business men run for office; and, second, that we get out and see that they are elected. That is not only our patriotic duty but it is also our practical, dollars-and-cents duty which will bear rich dividends.

That is the message that the roaring voice of the surf brought to us. We hope that it may bring that same message to hundreds of other little towns, many of them perhaps far inland, but towns, which, in their own way, day by day are losing in nickels, dimes, and dollars for the carelessness, the greed, or the stupidity of their elected representatives. It pays to be a good citizen, an alert citizen, a civic-minded citizen. It pays in coin of the realm and in a deep, glowing pride and confidence in the town in which you live.

NO PALADINS HERE

IT is nothing short of ridiculous to see in the invasion of Russia a fight by Hitler for the defense of Christian ideals. Hitler is no knight in shining armor. He is a scoundrel who in his country has the power and, judging by his career in Germany, the wish to persecute Christianity relentlessly.

Yet, outside of Germany, and of districts in other countries which harbor nests of Nazis, there is no disposition to raise Hitler to the high rank of a defender of Christianity. That disposition certainly does not exist in such groups as the Catholic War Veterans, for instance, who have respectfully asked the President to reconsider his "expressed intention" to aid the Soviet Government. The Veterans base their petition on the ground that the United States should not in any way assist any nation "whose totalitarian form of government and godless ideology is incompatible with our democratic ideals."

Very probably the Veterans have issued this appeal merely to ease their conscience. They, in company with the American Legion, have long been deeply concerned over the machinations of Stalin in this country. Fully aware that aid to the Soviet Government, or withholding of aid, will be decided as political exigencies may seem to demand, they feel that it would be a fatal error to approve the growth of any movement which proposes to put the Soviet Government, and its frightful record of attacks upon God and religion, in a favorable light before the American people.

To that extent, we fully agree with the Veterans and with the Legion. The United States seems committed to a policy of all-out aid to Russia, and that commitment will be maintained despite protests. It may be disguised under various titles, but, at least at present, it will not be withdrawn. But this commitment must not be used to induce relaxation of effort against Communist machinations in the United States. On various occasions, the Dies Committee, and other well-informed groups, have disclosed the existence of subversive action by Communists in the field of industry and politics. There is no ground to suppose that this action will be suspended by the war in which Russia is now engaged. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that since Hitler's last move, it is being pushed more vigorously.

The adherents of the godless philosophy of the Soviet Government are not our brothers-in-arms, either in this country, or in Europe. They are brothers-in-arms only to men who are prepared to be as godless and immoral as they. There can be no softening of the anathemas which Americans have pronounced on Communism as a philosophy, or slackening of effort to bring their plots in this country to naught. Those who sup with the devil must use a long spoon, and we simple Americans have no long spoons. If we must supply Stalin with munitions of war, it is altogether necessary to secure some guarantee that these will not be used against us.

EDITOR

SPIRIT AND LETTER

PERHAPS the newspaper correspondent was responsible for one word of unpleasant connotation when he wrote that preparations had been made to "bury" the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution in the Government's gold vaults at Fort Knox. This solicitude is touching, but it would be far better for us were all Americans to honor the principles of the Declaration and of the Constitution in their public and private lives. The originals of these documents are valuable, but our very existence as a free people depends upon the survival of their quickening spirit.

BECAUSE HE CAR

WHEN Christ, the Saviour of the human race, was hanged upon the bitter tree, it seemed to the faint-hearted among His followers that all had been forever lost. "But we were hoping that it was he who should redeem Israel." Of the Twelve whom He had chosen, one sold Him to His enemies for the price of a slave, another denied Him in His moment of great need, and the others, all save one, fled away.

Christ's visible mission ended on a shameful gibbet. Yet never was the Son of God more triumphant than in the moment when He bowed His Head, and amid the reviling of the mob, gave up His Spirit. For in that moment He had conquered hell.

We entangle ourselves in paralyzing fears when we try to fathom the mind of our infinite God. That no man can do. We only know that His ways are not our ways. We only know that in His Almighty Hands rest the destinies of all nations and of all men, and that in the end, His most loving Will shall prevail.

Not many years after Christ's victory had been won by the shame of the Cross, Peter, His Vicar, and Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, laid down their lives for their Master in the city of the Caesars. Again the enemies of Christ seemed to triumph. The little Christian flock, drawn in greater part from the poor and the lowly, was pursued with fire and sword by the masters of the world's most powerful government. Like Christ, it was nailed to the Cross, and like Christ, found eternal victory in the Cross. Today the empire of the Caesars has

CENTRALIZATION

THE battle for Federal control of the local schools continues. Once more the National Education Association passes its resolution asking Congress for Federal school subsidies, and pledges its members to fight until these are obtained. What the Association has never recognized is that these subsidies logically lead, as Senator Taft has argued, "to a justification of Federal control of everything, and the consequent elimination of local self-government." Unless this centralizing movement can be checked, the balance of power established by the Constitution will be overthrown.

HE CARES FOR YOU

crumbled into the dust, and Peter's cross on the Vatican Hill has been replaced by a mighty dome within which the pilgrim reads the promise of Christ: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

When Pius XII, Successor of Peter as Vicar of Christ, spoke to the world on the Feast of Saints Peter and Paul, the history of the Christian Church was unrolled before us, and in his words we found the guarantee that our Christian civilization shall not pass away. As long as the Church lasts, that civilization is secure, for against the Church hell cannot prevail.

These days are indeed dark, and full of fears. But we can find comfort and abiding hope in the words of Peter, spoken to the world on June 29 by Peter's Successor. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who according to His great mercy has begotten us again through the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead unto a living hope. . . . Over this you rejoice; though now for a little while, if need be, you are made sorrowful by various trials. . . . Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God . . . cast all your anxiety upon Him because He cares for you. The God of all grace Who has called us unto His eternal glory in Christ Jesus will Himself, after we have suffered a little while, perfect, strengthen, and establish us."

In these words are the foundation of a hope that cannot be shaken, of a peace that shall abide in our hearts forever.

DEFENSE AT CROSS PURPOSES

TWO incidents in Congress on June 28 rouse our curiosity, and ought to stimulate thought. The first was the speech of Senator George, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in which the Administration was taken to task for "totalitarian methods" in pursuance of the national defense program. The second was the filing of a report by the House Military Committee which indicated the result of these methods.

Speaking in the course of the debate on the shipping bill, Senator George was concerned to note that many were determined to vest the President with war powers when, in point of fact, the country is not at war, and may never be. "I have not accepted the fatalistic doctrine," said the Senator, "that our actual military or naval intervention is inevitable." Extension of further authority to the President would interfere, he feared, with "the orderly course of life in the United States," and this interference, far from promoting, would hamper the country's defense policies.

It must be admitted, of course, that preparation for national defense can disturb what Senator George calls "the orderly course of life" almost as intimately as war itself. When billions are expended for munitions, higher taxes become necessary, and an increase in taxation means a higher cost of living. We must first give up small luxuries and conveniences, and then retrench even on necessities, for the simple reason that the purchasing power of our dollar has been reduced. For such restrictions we must be prepared. But it is surely incumbent upon the Government to interfere as little as possible with the normal life of the country, and by a policy of strict economy, necessary at this time above all others, to keep Federal expenditures to a minimum. Should it fail in this, it will expose its program of defense, as Senator George argues, to serious danger.

This danger was emphasized by the report of the House Committee on Military Affairs which sharply criticized the faulty administration of the defense program. Much of the failure here was attributed to "the absence of a responsible head with authority" to direct and coordinate the Government's innumerable boards and agencies appointed to prepare the country for adequate defense. "The Administration has been prone, when difficult problems arose, to dispose of them by creating another board, only to add to the confusion of the assortment of agencies we already have."

That is a criticism which has been made more than once in these pages, and in Congress. It is a serious criticism, and after investigation the Committee admits its truth. We Americans have a faith in "boards" that is touching, and our willingness to shunt our problems to any group that will agree to consider them, has long been a familiar picture. We have now expanded this trust to a national degree, and Washington, as a result, is cluttered up with agencies and boards, every one with a name that connotes a power which not one possesses.

The net result, as the House Committee indicates, is that instead of going forward speedily, the defense program limps painfully, and with frequent interruptions. We all share Senator George's hope that the country will not take an active part in the war, but since that calamity may befall us, it is the business of Congress to bring order out of the chaos caused by conflicting defense-preparation agencies at Washington.

THE STRIKE AND CIVIL SERVICE

WERE all the inhabitants of the State of Michigan, in number some five and one-half millions, to be seriously disturbed in their daily avocations by a strike, our daily papers would have a news item of national interest. Very likely we should have inquiries in Congress, and perhaps a Federal investigation.

No such catastrophe befell the city of New York last week, but it was threatened for a time when a CIO subway union decided to walk out at midnight on June 30. Since the subway is the only way in which a majority of the city's wage-earners can reach their places of employment, a strike of this nature would result in tremendous losses to millions. Fortunately, trouble was averted at the last moment by an agreement between the city, the owner of the subways, and Philip Murray, president of the CIO, to submit the issues to the courts.

While this fight between the city and the union presents no strikingly novel features, it emphasizes certain difficulties which are likely to grow more pressing as the laudable custom of putting all municipal employes under civil-service regulations, becomes more general in this country. The city emphatically maintains that a right to strike against the city cannot be recognized, and further maintains that while employes are free to join the union, the civil-service regulations must take precedence of rules adopted by the union. Hence all employes will be taken from the civil-service lists, promotion will be regulated by the civil-service procedure, and no employe will be dropped for failure to pay union dues.

Strictly speaking, the claim that no right to strike against the city can be lawful, is untenable, for a natural right cannot be taken away by the civil authority. But for the just exercise of this right, certain conditions must be verified, and these are rarely, if ever, present when there is question of a public utility upon the maintenance of which the public welfare depends. Thus in the New York case, CIO President Murray recognized that a strike could not be justified, since the issues could be adjusted by the courts.

It must be admitted that these subway workers have real grievances. For some, the city must make reparation, and the others must be removed by the workers themselves through greater care in selecting their officials. A disastrous strike has been averted for the moment, but any union which clings to pro-Communist officials is storing up trouble for itself, for its members, and for the public.

HE KNOWS OUR NEEDS

OUR Lord made His way along the shores of Galilee, and then turned into the mountains, where He sat down, with the people gathered about Him. They loved to listen to this new Preacher Who, although His words were always full of peace and consolation, did not hesitate to denounce sin, and to threaten eternal punishment for the impenitent. Not all of them, perhaps not many, recognized Him as the promised Messias. But all saw in Him a Teacher Whose life corresponded perfectly with the holiness of His message.

Here in the mountains with the Master for three days, they marveled at wonders hitherto unseen in all Galilee. They heard the dumb speak, they saw the lame walk, and they praised God when the blind opened their eyes to look out on a world that suddenly seemed all light and happiness. Happy indeed was that little world of men and women, making a retreat with Our Lord in the mountains near the sea! Happy would the world be today, if all men would sit down together to listen to Christ Who alone can give true and lasting peace!

But three-day retreats end quickly. As night fell, mothers called to their children, and parties bound for the same village gradually gathered together. In their exaltation, they had forgotten their evening meal, but Jesus had not. As we read in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Mark, viii, 1-9) Our Lord expressed His concern in the beautiful words "I have compassion on the multitude," for He knew that they had no provisions with them. Apparently, He asked the Apostles what could be done, but they were not very helpful. They did not see how the great crowd could be fed, since the only food there was seven loaves and a few little fishes.

We have heard the story so often that we cannot share the surprise of the people as they saw Him take the food in His Hands to bless it, and heard Him bid them sit down. Did those "few little fishes" suddenly see other little fishes that once had sported with them beneath the waves of Galilee, or were the newcomers creatures made at His word? Was the new bread baked from wheat that had drowsed and nodded in some sunny field far away, or was it a creature drawn immediately by Omnipotence from the abyss of nothingness? Or did this Omnipotence give these humble creatures power to extend themselves? We only know that four thousand men ate until they were filled, that the women too (as well as two thousand or more little boys and girls, all blessed with healthy appetites, we hope) ate until they could eat no more.

It is silly to let curious reflections run through our heads, when we can look at Jesus in the fields with His people, and share the pleasure of His loving Heart as He saw them enjoy this miraculous meal. He cared for them. Can we doubt that He will always care for us if we trust Him utterly?

Self-confidence, when kept in bounds, is an aid to virtuous living. But the man who says: "O Sacred Heart of Jesus, I put all my trust in Thee," and means it, will find Jesus always at his side to help him.

CORRESPONDENCE

NO DOLES FOR INDIANS

EDITOR: My attention has been called to the letter (AMERICA, June 14) questioning the value of the United States Indian Service, and objecting that the annual appropriation of \$30,000,000 did not represent monies paid to Indians, but salaries and other expenses of the Indian Service.

To solve the Indian problem by handing out gratuities to every Indian would merely be to make them into a race of paupers. The task of the Indian Bureau is to give adequate medical service free to 385,000 people distributed from the Arctic Circle to Florida, to educate their children and provide a means of advanced education for those who merit it, to restore land that has been misused and destroyed, to develop new resources, such as irrigated fields in the desert, and in general carry out every activity that can make these people as well educated, as progressive, as healthy and as self-supporting as any other group of American citizens.

If all the Indians lived in one place and were at the same level of culture, the cost of carrying out so large a program would be much less. The scattered distribution of the tribes, the exhaustion of the resources of many of them and the extreme poverty that exists in some sections, as well as the high rate of disease, contribute to make the expenses considerable. That, nonetheless, we are getting value for our money can be shown by three elementary statistics from among many:

From 1888 to 1932 Indian land holdings decreased from 137,000,000 to 47,000,000 acres; they have now been increased to some 52,000,000 acres. From the coming of the white man to 1925 the Indian population decreased from about three-quarters of a million to 225,000; today it has increased to 385,000 and Indians are increasing more rapidly than any other population group. In 1932 few if any Indians were employed by the Indian Service save as common laborers; there are now more than 4,000 in the Indian Service filling positions up to those of superintendent and high educational officials.

It is to obtain these ends and not to issue doles that our money is spent. If anything, it is a miracle that so much can be done for so little.

New York, N. Y.

OLIVER LAFARGE
President: American Association
on Indian Affairs.

MORE ALPHABET

EDITOR: I followed T.J.S., and J.P.R. for a spell and I rather enjoyed their little battle in a ghoulish sort of way. They were fighting it fairly, which shows that no matter what opinion they had about the war they were gentlemen.

All of which changed when F.X.M. desired to see his initials printed. He resorted to an old worn out method: if you cannot attack a person's doctrine, wham at his character, which I might add, is terribly low. Is it because F.X.M. sees that J.P.R. is right on the ball?

J.P.R. laughed at the religious issue of this war. It is so religious that England and our own America are patting Joe Stalin on the back and are all out for him to destroy the Nazi-pagan menace.

I wonder if F.X.M. is blushing, now that Joe Stalin is also fighting for Christianity?

Springfield, Mass.

M. W. C.

PRAYERS

EDITOR: In the last war we sacrificed enough of our boys to help the countries of Europe settle their affairs—with what thanks?

European officials have the audacity to say that this very sacrifice is the cause of the present war.

The easy prayers for peace (AMERICA, June 14) for warring nations and cleaning the isms out of our own country is a full time job for every true American citizen.

Quincy, Ill.

A. ADRIAN

AT PEACE TABLE

EDITOR: The opening sentence of the leading editorial in the New York *Herald-Tribune*, June 25, reads as follows:

The Administration has dropped its demand for powers to "requisition and take over, either temporarily or permanently, property of any kind or character, whether real or personal, tangible or intangible" which might be useful in connection with national defense.

And the last sentence in its editorial immediately following, presenting "the possibilities of collaboration" with the Soviets, and what "one can expect to be done at the peace table," reads: "But it is worth while remembering that none will have right to sit there or a voice in the doing who has not participated in the winning of the peace."

The last two sentences of the writer's communication in AMERICA (February 22) read as follows:

The war will continue until we get in, so that the peace terms will involve us, and then we with our militarism and mountainous debt will be a part of the new economic system of totalitarianism.

Both sides want us at the peace—a peace that means the death of private property and independent man!

A peace table at which sits either Germany or Russia, with us there too, means that our financial royalists can't miss what they seek and need—International Totalitarianism.

Providence, R. I.

M. P. CONNERY

LITERATURE AND ARTS

PITHECISM—"VOILA L'ENNEMI"

JAMES J. DALY

A LEADING editorial in the *Times Literary Supplement* for March 29 was headed, "Back to the Ape." It declared that for the first time in the history of literature, pithecidism, which appeals to the ape in man, has completely replaced humanism, which holds that man is a being, lower indeed than the angels, but essentially superior to the ape, and that it is the office of literature to reflect this essential nobility.

To ignore, or not to attempt to depict, the more aspiring side of men and women, and to concentrate on their everyday commonplace behavior as it can be observed through the bars of the zoological garden which encircles them, is deliberately to play up to the pithecius in them and to set a false value on actions, words, or thoughts which because they happen to be human are not for that mere reason worthy of observation and record.

It shows that the slave in Terence's play, who furnishes the justifying text for pithecidism in saying that everything human was of concern to him, was a type of the less honorable household servant expressing the backstairs and key-hole attitude of his kind. The truer attitude is that of the man who says, "I am a man and much of man's ways is abhorrent to me." The writer of the editorial is convinced that it is a cold matter of fact that humanism is a dead thing in our literature and education. His closing sentence is: "Can it possibly be said of pithecidism, *Voilà l'ennemi?*"

In the last century Matthew Arnold felt obliged to accept the pithecid hypothesis of our origin. He had committed himself to the belief, which he preached everywhere, that literature was sufficient to impart that sweetness and light which make life not only endurable but lovely. He had serious doubts, since amply confirmed, whether a literature derived from a pithecid philosophy of man's place in the universe could minister to the nobility of conduct and the beauty of life, the main purpose and justification of all literature. In the face of his doubts, Arnold clung to his life-long creed that literature alone could satisfy human aspirations for goodness and beauty. His solution of his doubts casts discredit on his mental powers. While admitting that a pithecid literature might fail us in our upward struggle, he was convinced that the literature of the past would continue to fulfil its high function.

A little knowledge of human nature and its tendency to go down instead of up should have shaken any confidence that the nobler literature of the past, even if it had the efficacy Arnold attributed to it, could hold a foremost place in popular culture against a rival literature which appealed to the baser instincts of mankind. It is one of the characteristic marks of literature, gone pithecid, that it belittles the literature of the past. It scorns the Victorians and all tradition. The literature of the past which wins its greatest respect are the comparatively few books, mostly comedies and novels, in which literature in its human fashion grew tired of its consecration to the nobler things and took a day off from moral exaltation.

Aristophanes and Rabelais have become wonderfully important, Defoe has supplanted Scott, Fielding and Smollett have crowded out Dickens and Thackeray. It is entirely true to say that humanism is a dead thing in our literature and education. Here and there some survivor of the time, when the decencies were observed in literature, and noble manners and purity and unselfish devotion to high aims were not derided in poetry and prose, has protested vigorously against the adolescent insolence and irreverence of contemporary letters. Mr. E. F. Benson expresses himself strongly on the subject in his *Final Edition*. But protests get nowhere. Pithecidism has taken over literature. Our schoolrooms are its "occupied territory."

When the open shelves of the libraries in public schools can unblushingly display such books as *King's Row*, whose unsavory theme is incest, and pass it over the desk for circulation among boys and girls of 'teen age, pithecidism has indeed gone far toward making good its position in this "occupied territory." Low tastes are easier to develop than refined and elevated ones, and when the youth have got the craving for these husks, pithecid literature will certainly be the main diet of their future reading lives.

The appearance of an editorial, denouncing the animalism of literature, in the *Literary Supplement*, has almost historic significance. It is the foremost literary review and it has played an important part in encouraging the kind of literature which it now decries. It must be placed to its credit that it is the first important literary periodical to

return to a sane position and to offer grounds for hope in a change for the better in the moral and intellectual tone of popular literature.

It is sad to think that it requires something like a universal catastrophe to bring about a change of heart among those who mould and reflect the taste and thought of the public. Mr. Somerset Maugham, after some unpleasant experiences of social upheaval, is reported to have said that he had come at last to admit the existence of moral laws. It was a rueful admission wrung from him by a vivid view of the tragic condition to which a philosophy of life like his can bring the world of men, women and children. The chorus of brilliant young experimenters in literature and morality, whose impudence fascinated the critics and the public in the piping days, have found themselves to be anachronisms without an audience. The smart and exultant sniping at Almighty God, personal virtue, cleanliness of mind, domestic fidelities and obligations, honorable patriotism, religious education, everything that can give man dignity even when he is in rags, and make a sinful world less loathsome—this disgusting philosophy of the ape and monkey is seen for what it is when the outraged moral law takes its inevitable vengeance. The world at present needs everything that modernist literature lacks and cannot give. The world, indeed, needs more than mere literature can offer, but in its hunger, how sad that it cannot turn to literature for at least an entree to the great feast of human dignity and nobility at which religion and a realization of the supernatural comes as the crowning course.

When pithecan philosophy prevails, life is sure to become an ape-fight or, to use the commoner word, a dog-fight, in which the strongest dog is likely to prevail unless the Godlike in man asserts itself and returns to His sheltering Presence. The editor timidly intimates that The Enemy a hard pressed people have to fear is their forgetfulness of God. It is a belated discovery. On our side of the Atlantic, the literary editors have not yet made the discovery. The thing they fail to see is written all over history, sacred and profane. The only explanation seems to be that they do not regard as true something which they do not want to be true. But the truth is there always, no matter how much they may wish it not to be true. This land of ours, hitherto untouched by the havoc of the nations, is gravely threatened by enemies without and within. But The Enemy is to be found in books and periodicals, in movies and plays, schoolrooms and amusement places where the ape theory is the accepted philosophy of human life's origin and destiny.

William Cowper's first entry into the literary world was made in 1782 with *Table Talk and Other Poems*. The title poem was a moral essay on the state of society at that time, and it contained impressive and most solemn warnings of national disaster sure to result from the low moral and religious tone of the English people. Yet pithecanism, the animal view of life always more or less in evidence everywhere and at all times, cannot be said to have been particularly conspicuous in the coun-

try where Cowper was writing; certainly it was not nearly so common in literature and life as it is at present. A pithecan literature does not allow itself to be dominated by such men as Doctor Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke. Still, Cowper felt constrained to write:

But that effeminacy, folly, lust,
Enervate and enfeeble, and needs must;
And that a nation shamefully debased
Will be despised and trampled on at last,
Unless sweet penitence her powers renew,
Is truth, if history itself be true.

It is difficult to believe now that the following lines had as much application to England as to other nations on the continent:

To the lascivious pipe and wanton song,
That charm down fear, they frolic it along,
With mad rapidity and unconcern
Down to the gulf from which is no return.

In the lines that immediately follow these, the poet rises to a vaticinatory strain that can strike fear into the most thoughtless watchers of the European scene. It is well to keep in mind that Cowper's prophecy had not to wait more than a hundred and fifty years for fulfilment. He was writing nearly ten years before the outbreak of the French Revolution with its aftermath of Napoleonic conquest, a period of scourge for Christian nations. But as Cowper probably never dreamt of the depths of moral and religious degradation to which literature and public amusements were to sink in the world today, he could hardly have envisaged the savage ferocity of the vengeance which outraged moral law is taking before our eyes. But his picture is terrible enough to make us tremble.

They trust in navies, and their navies fail,
God's curse can cast away ten thousand sail:
They trust in armies, and their courage dies,
In wisdom, wealth, in fortune, and in lies;
But all they trust in withers, as it must,
When He commands in whom they place no trust.
Vengeance at last pours down upon their coast,
A long despised, but now victorious host;
Tyranny sends the chain that must abridge
The noble sweep of all their privilege,
Gives liberty the last, the mortal shock,
Slips the slave's collar on, and snaps the lock.

It is to be hoped that England still has time to recover and assert Christian dependence on the Creator Whom its literature and education have thrust out of His universe and to make the humble entreaty of a later poet than Cowper:

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

In this hour of crisis it is dreadful to realize that our own literature and education have been more exuberantly pithecan, if any difference is discernible, than in England. There are some signs of a changing spirit in English letters. If such signs are showing in our own, I have not seen them. Mr. John Bunker's *Revolt* is the only notable expression of a Christian attitude in the face of public calamity that I have read in current literature. And I am afraid it was a voice in the wilderness.

MAJOR VARIATIONS ON A MINOR THEME

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again.

Jonathan Swift

I vow, my lord, I give my word
No prodigy is more absurd—
The Whigs for once left in the lurch,
Or Sunderland at prayer in church—
Than what has lately chanced in town:
The tide of folly full is grown.
Now, just as at the helm of State,
Wise men are snubbed and fools grow great,
So have our men mechanical
Let go of reason once for all.
A rascal, lately, in this place
Has much intrigued the long-eared race.
"Cerces," says he, "Mine eyes I lost
When in a bush of brambles tossed,
But soon I was restored to sight
When in another I did light."
In proof of this, the rogue displays
Two perfect eyes to public gaze,
Grows in opinion and in fame
And profits greatly by the same.
Say, shall we two turn prodigy
And tramp the roads for sympathy:
"Two wits of price whom Walpole thought
Too dear a bargain to be bought?"
Weary and old and filled with spleen,
I am, my lord, your friend, The Dean.

William Morris

The brambles set I then at nought,
I leaped upon them without thought
And blindness to mine eyes I brought.

Had I my eyes I would have shed
Tears for the orbs that hung there, dead,
Pronged on the bramble's spiky head.

I thought of you and of your grace
And how no more your gentle face
Would welcome me to love's embrace.

My pennon gay upon the wind,
The hart in fight, the hounds behind,
No more to see, no more to find!

Lonely and long, with might and main,
Sought I the herb named Aglapayne
And scratched mine eyes in place again.

Never such vow again I'll take
For your, or anybody's sake.
Nay, though the League of Knights me break!

Thomas Hardy

The tide goes sweeping in and out
And men like the tide do go,
Round, round again and roundabout,
Unceasingly drawn and slow.

When I was a boy, a townsman
Was said to be wise. He worked
In a little cobbler's shop. No gownsman
But a fellow who never shirked.

One day he went for a walk;
It was summer; he walked on the moor.
He was an odd chap; he never liked to talk
And his face was sad and dour.

He came to a bramble bush. Two leaps
And he'd scratched out his eyes in a trice.
Why? There's no telling what thoughts a man keeps
In his heart like a lump of ice.

Now he goes begging with hat in hand
And two, sad, empty places in his head.
But he's no worse off than the richest in the land.
We all would be better dead.

J. G. E. HOPKINS

EXAMPLE

They try to show their reverence by shuttered eyes and
whispered prayers,
Forgetting, in their soulful labors,
That they have neighbors;
An edifying spectacle, but how distracting unawares,
To hear throughout the whole epistle
A saintly whistle;
And all through Benediction the accomplished matron
just behind
Receives each solemn stately measure
With shrieks of pleasure;
And so you wish the church were run like movies where,
if you've a mind,
You may insult the vocal gusher,
Or call an usher.

KATHERYN ULLMEN

A CATHOLIC INCOG

With a lot of self-restraint,
He refused to be a saint.
He preferred that very slowly
He would make his spirit holy.
He was able to suppress
Any undue holiness,
And was careful not to pray
More than just enough each day.
With reluctance—for salvation—
He fulfilled each obligation.
But he kept his spirit quiet,
On a sparse religious diet.
Any mention of religion
Got no coo out of this pigeon.
Finally, he lost control—
Almost damned his timid soul.
When he went from bad to worse, he
Felt the touch of Heaven's mercy:
Saw his soul endured a famine
When he served both God and mammon.
Then he died and went to glory—
After the longest purgatory.

SANDRO WOOD

BOOKS

ALONG WITH THE HEADS, MORALS GET MIXED

THE TRANPOSED HEADS. By Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2

SUBTITLED "A Legend of India," this 35,000-word parable on the catastrophic effects of sexual disharmony is written for the Freudian faithful. Sita, the beautiful, admires her husband Shridaman's head and lusts after his friend Nanda's body. When the two men decapitate themselves in the temple of Kali, the goddess commands the wife to restore their heads; in her confusion Sita transposes them. But the Shridaman head on the Nanda body is only temporarily gratifying. Since nothing is solved or improved by the change, the three resolve upon an honorable suicide. Such is the bare outline of the story, which fails to convey, of course, the multiple suggestions of the plot, the philosophical undertones of the dialog or the direct statement of Thomas Mann himself.

The book has been received as a literary masterpiece which, while recreating the authentic spirit of the East, at the same time discusses with profound and ironical humor the paradox of human happiness. Followers of the prophet see in Shridaman the excessively intellectual man who can not please woman, and in the Shridaman-head Nanda-body satisfaction stalled by custom. On a second level in Mann's anagoge, the transposition shows that the mind and the body have reciprocal influences, so that Shridaman becomes more like Nanda and Nanda more like Shridaman. Since Freudianism in literature is not a dialectic but an attitude, one cannot safely stretch the implications of the book much further. But if one cannot trace the idea, one may report the suspicion, fortified by recollections of *Death in Venice* and *Joseph and His Brethren*, that Thomas Mann's writing reeks with a perverse mysticism of sex. As an author, he delights in the sensual; even his philosophic asides serve principally to filter the white dry light of intelligence through the wet swamp-fog of sex.

Mann's psychological disorder has a corresponding literary defect. His lush and suffocating description, incredible juxtapositions and banalities and lopsided subjectivism cling like Spanish moss to the live oak of his genius. When anatomical accuracy receives precedence over art, it is a sure sign that the art is not long, and there are many passages in *The Transposed Heads* which gloat over bone formations and fleshly curves.

Thomas Mann is contagiously sick. I doubt whether the advantage of knowing him outweighs the danger of contamination. There are grounds, not demonstrable here, for saying that he writes as one of the devil's best disciples.

FRANCIS X. CONNOLLY

AS THE NATION WENT, SO, SLOWLY, WENT VERMONT

THE RELUCTANT REPUBLIC. By Frederic Van de Water. The John Day Co. \$3

WITH ingenuousness that is rare, the author of *The Reluctant Republic* avows that his book unearths few hitherto unknown facts, that it announces no important historical discoveries, in short that it is "candidly parasitical" in drawing material from more erudite men. It was prompted, nevertheless, by a desire to emphasize

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the attainments of a remarkably independent people and to contribute something toward the celebration of the sesquicentennial of the Green Mountain State. Accordingly, Mr. Van de Water sketches the history of Vermont from the earliest days to February 18, 1791, when Washington signed the Act of Congress which made Vermont the fourteenth State. Particular attention is given to the relations of the unorganized territory with the adjacent States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New York, and the chronic disputes over land grants, boundaries and jurisdiction. Vermont's attitude toward the war for independence, and her negotiations with the Continental Congress and with British authorities are considered, with emphasis on the motivation of her tortuous and nearly treasonable policy.

It was inevitable that Ethan Allen and his brothers should loom large in any book on Vermont. The Ethan of legend and of stark reality is portrayed with skill. His great sword and bizarre uniform, his verbal prowess, his egotism and braggadocio, his irreverence and profanity, his traditional and real role in the history of Vermont—all these are weighed with the result that he emerges from the scrutiny pretty much the swashbuckler, even if he did have occasional flashes of intuition that stamp him a genius of sorts. Writing of the Allens' interest in land, the author remarks that "if patriotism is an attachment to one's land, the Allens were super-patriots."

The Reluctant Republic is a refreshing blending of historical fact and creative imagination. Graphic and realistic, it is absorbing reading; exaggeration, dialect and other literary devices add to its charm. In the accounts of Ticonderoga and Bennington, the imagination is given full rein so that interest never flags. But historical accuracy suffers somewhat. One suspects that the author must have had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote: "Guilford's army fired a volley at nothing and made a perfect score" and "in the two day battle no one yet had been hurt, and the proceedings were resumed in the spirit of fair play." It is a question whether slang and colloquialisms and still more profanity do not mar certain pages. Finally, we submit that it was both ungracious and inaccurate to ascribe the rapid increase of the population exclusively to the "prodigious accomplishments of Vermont's fathers." The book will not supplant standard historical works on the subject but it was not meant to be a challenge to their position. Rather it is entertaining popular reading of high literary merit. CHARLES H. METZGER

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OCTOPI MAY STRANGLE IN THEIR OWN TENTACLES

BIG BUSINESS, EFFICIENCY AND FASCISM. By Kemper Simpson. Harper and Bros. \$2.50

THIS book has grown out of an inquiry conducted by Mr. Simpson for the Federal Trade Commission and the Temporary National Economic Committee. A report based on that inquiry was released by the Government Printing Office in March, under the title: "Relative Efficiency of Large, Medium-Sized and Small Business." Many people believe, and not a few textbooks leave the reader with the impression, that Big Business and the giant corporation are the most efficient. Nor is this a mere academic question. The history of anti-trust cases makes it clear that many combines, on the carpet for violations of anti-trust legislation, have received a clean bill of health on the grounds that large size was warranted and justified for the sake of efficiency. It was to investigate this common belief that the inquiry was undertaken, and the report shows that the vaunted efficiency of the giant corporation has been grossly exaggerated.

The present book is an elaboration and a populariza-

tion of the report. It is divided into two parts, the argument and the evidence. The argument is outlined in the title, because the author has three propositions which he advances. First, that as competition is restricted and destroyed, an economy becomes less and less democratic and an easy victim to Fascist control. Secondly, that unless Big Business in the United States is restrained it will eventually destroy competition. Thirdly, to the objection that Big Business is necessary for the sake of efficiency, the author answers with a wealth of statistics showing that Big Business has not justified itself on this score. The bulk of the book is taken up with the evidence to prove this last point. As a result of his studies, the author concludes that medium-sized or even small companies almost invariably have lower costs than the largest companies. Secondly, adopting another criterion of judgment, return on investment, he finds that medium-sized plants and firms are the most efficient. And finally, he discovers that low costs are not due to the fact that the smaller units pay lower wages.

These are important conclusions, but like the final report of the T.N.E.C., the book is, unfortunately, ill timed, with the result that it probably has not and will not have the persuasive force it should have. Despite some lip service to principle, it seems to be understood in high places that Big Business, even if monopolistic, will not be disturbed for the duration, if they play ball with the Government. And the reason is clear. Government and government agencies, under the pressure of defense production, find it much easier to deal with an industry if there is a spokesman, individual or collective, who can speak with authority for the whole industry. In other words, when the author insists that efficiency is the only possible justification for Big Business, he is thinking of a peacetime economy. In time of war or defense preparation there might be other justifications, and government both here and in England seem to think that Big Business is justified on other, not necessarily economic, grounds. However, although ill timed, the book is none the less important and makes a lasting contribution to economic knowledge.

JOHN L. SHEA

THE MAN WHO GOT EVEN WITH GOD. By M. Raymond, O.C.S.O. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$2
THIS is the interesting life story of John Green Hanning, born January 12, 1849, in Lebanon, Kentucky, a few miles distant from the famed Trappist monastery of Gethsemani. The date was just three weeks and a day from the founding of this first Trappist Abbey in America. Thirty-six years later, John, an ex-cowboy of "tempestuous and turbulent" renown, entered this Order of Cistercians of the Stricter Observance. The same Brother Mary Joachim was buried by his Trappist brethren, May 1, 1908. During the thirty-three years that have followed, his community and the people of his country-side have prayed to Brother Mary Joachim. For, to quote Abbot Dunne's preface, John had "proved that even if cowboys become Trappists, they, too, can become saints, by the grace of God."

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL

TORY OATH. By Tim Pridgen. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

THIS historical novel falls into a rather unusual pattern, dealing as it does with an aspect of the American Revolution that has been largely overlooked by other writers—the part played by Scotch Highlanders in throwing off the English yoke. Specifically, it is the story of Duncan Stuart, son of one of those brave Scots who came to this country to found a new Empire in the Carolinas. These proud men had long ago sworn to uphold the Crown, but in America they are torn between their oath to the King and the freedom they find in every man's right in the new world.

The struggle between Tories and Whigs, between loyalists and renegades, has been buried in history books for a good long time. Mr. Pridgen re-creates the eight-

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teenth-century men and women of tidewater North Carolina, and does a good job, although in places the reading is a little heavy. Duncan Stuart is an attractive figure, good and loyal to the King's cause, even though many of his friends and the girl he loves have gone over to the Whig camp. The various battles between the men of Cornwallis and those of Nathaniel Greene, the storming of Elizabethtown by the Whigs and the final birth of a new order, wherein Highlanders, Irish, English, Dutch and French forget their differences and weld together to form a new nation, conclude a most unusual story. Here are romance, adventure and history tidily blended.

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT

BEHOLD THE MAN. By Toyohiko Kagawa. Harper and Bros. \$2.50

THIS novelized life of Christ begins with the time of the death of John the Baptist and ends with the scene between Our Lord and Saint Thomas on the Sunday evening following Easter. It portrays the events of the Gospel against a fictional background. Throughout, the author has been careful not to misrepresent the claims of Christ, and is very definite in portraying some of the miracles, and especially that of the Resurrection. His fancy has heightened the story to a somewhat exaggerated extent in the case of Judas; while the invented instances of greed are not in disharmony with the suggestions of the Gospel, the hints that Judas was erotic are.

The portrayal of Martha is in part unpleasing and has no scriptural support. Again, the movement toward a revolution in Galilee during the ministry of Christ is too far removed from the realities which should control even an imaginative reproduction of Christ's life and times. All in all, however, the reader will not fail to remark the devotion of this Japanese convert to evangelical Christianity. The author was converted and entered the Presbyterian College in Tokio at the age of seventeen. In this life of Christ he gives no evidence of having been tainted with the modernism which has infected some of the evangelical bodies in America.

WILLIAM J. McGARRY, S.J.

MISSION TO THE NORTH. By Florence Jaffray Harriman. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50

NOT infrequently an autobiography is too kaleidoscopic to be of permanent value. The narrator runs a gamut of persons, places and experiences in so whirlwind a fashion that the reader is left in a daze. Mrs. Harriman, however, quite skilfully avoids this pitfall. True, as United States Minister to Norway before and during the Nazi invasion of that country, her waking hours were filled to the last minute with varied works, yet out of this welter comes a message to the people of America that should be heeded if the essentials of democracy are to be preserved.

The Norwegians had put into practice an age-old economic principle that it is to the interest of the whole people for as many as possible to make a living in trade, and to facilitate this process their laws forbade private industrial chain stores and multiple shops. Likewise, aware of the key position held by agriculture in a prosperous national economy, they devised ways and means to aid the farmer, eliminate mortgages and to minimize tenantry, all of which convinced Mrs. Harriman of a fundamental soundness of policy and elicited from her a powerfully succinct comment: "Their's is a story that must be continued."

In addition to this analysis of life in pre-conquered Norway, *Mission to the North* takes us with its author to Russia, the North Cape, depicts the nightmarish aspects of a *blitzkrieg* bringing death and destruction in its wake, and bares the soul of a stricken land. Certainly no one will now dare assert that the life of a diplomat in these times is a sinecure. And to Mrs. Harriman should be given an accolade for her courage and foresight which, as Secretary of State Hull officially stated, "was in the best traditions of our diplomatic service."

EUGENE H. MURRAY

ART

NOW that Joe Louis and the mercurial Billy Conn have fought it out in the open air of the Polo Grounds, the summer season is well started in New York. While I cannot promise visitors to this city anything equal to the fight in the way of pictorial excitement, I am going to suggest a number of art collections which may furnish a milder and, I hope, a more satisfying form of mental catharsis.

This list of museums and collections starts at the north end of Manhattan and its completion is in the general vicinity of Rockefeller Center. The Number 4 Bus on the Fifth Avenue Line serves about as well as a private car for this trip, as it passes the doorways of these places. Being an inveterate eavesdropper on bus conversations, I recommend these as being diverting and an added attraction to make this type of transit more agreeable.

The extreme northerly museum is The Cloisters at Fort Tryon Park, which houses the French medieval collection assembled by George Gray Barnard. While age is the only discernible quality in much of the collection, some of the architectural specimens are very fine. The effort to create an antique type in the building itself, however, is rather literal and unconvincing. A short distance from it, is the Abbaye which contains the balance of the Barnard collection, and at Broadway and 155th Street is the Hispanic Museum. Anyone who shares my interest in El Greco and Goya and in the virile, florid quality of Spanish art and decoration, will be delighted with this collection.

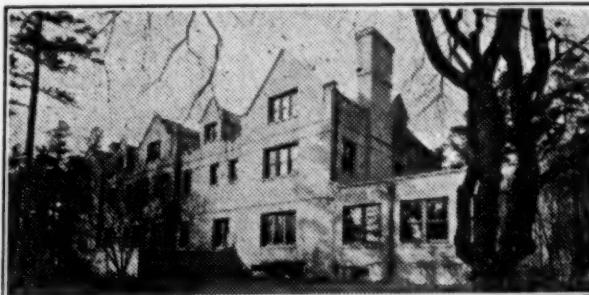
The next stop on this itinerary would be the Metropolitan Museum at Fifth Avenue and 82d Street. There are magnificent things in this huge collection. As a comparison with the paintings in the Hispanic Museum, it is interesting to look at the paintings in the Spanish Room. The very fine medieval tapestries, glass, paintings and sculpture also offer comparisons with similar work at The Cloisters. If one, however, prefers his art in smaller doses, the Frick Collection at Fifth Avenue and 70th Street offers that opportunity. Coupled with the art there is also the chance to see what a multi-millionaire of the late gilded age could build, under the impression that he was making a home.

At the Wildenstein Galleries at 19 East 64th Street there is a summer exhibition of works also out of the dim and overvalued past. They include such sure-fire names as Van Dyck, Poussin and Claude Lorraine. As an antidote to all of this antiquity, I recommend the Guggenheim Collection at 34 East 54th Street. This is made up of non-objective modern paintings, and is a fairly representative showing of abstract art. Both this and the Frick are private collections but are open to the public on all days but Monday.

At 11 West 53rd Street is that show room of modernity, the Museum of Modern Art. Granting the deficiencies of the exterior architecture of this building, it has an interior well adjusted to art display. The collection tends to concentrate attention on the French modernists but it couples well with the Guggenheim Collection, which gives the Germans more of a chance. In the basement is a moving picture theatre where they show old films, as well as the advanced modern ones. It is a lot of fun to go there.

And around the corner is Rockefeller Center, with a great deal of pretentious sculpture and murals scattered about, as well as a new sea-lion pool which is neighborly with Paul Manship's Prometheus. If you find the Manship sculpture as mannered and unprofitable as this writer does, the sleek sea-lions may be more diverting. You can also get a drink at the open-air café. It will probably be very welcome at this point of the pilgrimage.

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THEATRE

GOOD PLAYS THAT FAILED. In every theatrical season the list of failures includes one play or more whose failure could have been so easily prevented that we lose patience with the producer.

This winter three plays seemed to me to come under this classification. The first was Elmer Rice's *Flight to the West*. This was a fine play, well worthy of a year or two among us. The explanation of its fate is still a puzzle to me. It was written by one of our best playwrights. It was produced by one of our best producers, the Playwrights Company. It was staged by the author and its settings were made by Jo Mielziner. Most important asset of all was its acting, by a thoroughly first-class company including Betty Field, Arnold Moss, Paul Hernried and Hugh Marlow. Yet it ran only a couple of months at the Guild Theatre and only a few weeks during its subsequent tryout at lower prices.

The next puzzle is the fate of Kenneth White's *The Lady Who Came to Stay*. She had Mildred Natwick, Mady Christians, Beth Merrill and Evelyn Varden to put her over. All of them acted their roles brilliantly. She had Guthrie McClintic to produce and direct her and he did both superbly. Yet *The Lady's* stay with us was very short.

The theatrical air was full of explanations of this. The most popular was that *The Lady* was too hair-raising. That is annoying nonsense, for the more hair-raising a melodrama is, the better, and it could not be hair-raising at all if it had not been well written and well acted. Evelyn Varden especially sent successive chills down my spinal column—and this notwithstanding the fact that I had heretofore associated her with her quietly beautiful and benign work in *Our Town*. She had to "show us" that she could be a malignant and terrible ghost—and she did it.

Every character in the small cast was acted to perfection. And yet—*The Lady* left us. Why?

Third on my list is a different problem and its failure is not a problem. *They Walk Alone* failed because—after three exciting and beautifully played acts—it went completely to pieces within five minutes or so of its final curtain. Everyone in the audience knew the finish was indescribably weak—that, in fact, it completely let down both play and players. Any one of a dozen playwrights and directors I could name could have saved it and yet, no one was called on to do the job.

Elsa Lanchester's acting of the leading role—a maid on a lonely English farm who murdered numerous young men in her neighborhood after a pleasant flirtation with each—was all it should have been. She had the invaluable support of Carol Goodner, her employer, who first suspected and then discovered her maid's peculiarities. The scene of the showdown between the two women, when the mistress tacitly accuses the servant of her crimes, though no one else suspects her, was intensely dramatic and was acted to the hilt. The howling of that dog on the desolate moors where the murders were committed (always late at night) is something I shall never forget.

Yet the director, Berthold Viertel, who had directed the greater part of the melodrama with vision and imagination, let the whole situation slump into chaos at the end. We did not know whether the last victim of the murderer had died or not. We did not know whether, in her final collapse, she was a suicide or merely a discovered maniac in a swoon. The entire audience walked out of the theatre in a daze. It could not be explained. I wish Elsa Lanchester would tell me something about that finish, which destroyed three hours of good acting in six or eight minutes and paralyzed both audience and players by its incredible ineptness.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST. The pioneer efforts of Mrs. Edna Gladney in behalf of Texas orphans form the appealing basis of this biographical film in which sociology is tempered with sentiment. The strongest points made in the story discussion arise from sympathetic common sense and there is nothing of the withered welfare worker in Greer Garson's portrait of the central character. Mervyn LeRoy's direction, though bearing down rather heavily at times on the distaff side of the emotional scale, imparts a general warmth to the plot. The heroine marries and moves to Texas with the memory of a girlhood companion's suicide, prompted by the discovery of her illegitimacy, still vivid. Her own misfortunes, the death of her child and of her impoverished husband, serve only to heighten her feeling for others and she embarks on a crusade, not only to find homes for orphans but to have their legal status reflect their own innocence rather than their parents' guilt. The story, although based on fact, is a bit uncertain, and only the personal authority of Miss Garson's playing makes it seem unified and thoroughly effective. As the husband, Walter Pidgeon is briefly excellent, as are Felix Bressart and Marsha Hunt. The film is seriously phrased and should attract adult attention. (MGM)

THEY MET IN BOMBAY. When war themes lose their fierce urgency and musical comedies seem too much trouble, the films can always fall back on that plot about the rival jewel thieves who fall in love. The best part of this convenient arrangement is that the plot, given some graces in casting and direction, usually holds together rather well. Clarence Brown's version is lively yet urbane, stressing the traditional chase without losing the expected sophistication, and even the falsely heroic conclusion passes as a concession to the times. A Briton, dismissed from the army and posing as a detective, competes with a charming rival for a duchess' diamond. The rivals merge on a flight to Hongkong and the man accidentally rejoins the army. The ending is implicit with reformation and future happiness. Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell give smooth if unexceptional performances and, with Peter Lorre and Jessie Ralph, make a diverting adult trifle out of a very familiar old yarn. (MGM)

PASSAGE FROM HONGKONG. This is a minor comedy melodrama which succeeds only in spoiling a good idea. A young man, in order to interest a heavily-chaperoned young lady marooned in Hongkong by the war, invents an extravagant tale of intrigue and espionage with himself both victim and hero. When she discovers the imposture, she turns the tables with an imaginative flourish of her own. The details of the invention would have made an excellent satire on the absurdly mysterious yarn of Oriental intrigue, but director Ross Lederman misses the opportunity and, though there are some feints at burlesque, the film is properly and less successfully comic. Keith Douglas, Lucille Fairbanks and Paul Cavanagh are capable in a mildly entertaining family film. (Warner)

MOON OVER MIAMI. Hollywood apparently has glimpses of the tragedy of waste, and illustrates its economy by this musical version of a film done fairly recently as *Three Blind Mice*. Unfortunately its thrift did not extend to the dialog of the new film, which all too often has two meanings instead of the more acceptable one. Don Ameche, Betty Grable, Robert Cummings and Carole Landis are concerned in a story of marital fortune-hunting which, under Walter Lang's direction, could have done with more subtlety and less suggestion. (Twentieth Century-Fox) THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS



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In a letter congratulating Fordham University on the occasion of its centenary, Pope Pius XII reiterated a fact that has been frequently emphasized by the Roman Pontiffs. He declared that when "the principles of Christian education" are rejected or neglected, "all education is barren, and must constitute a menace to society as well as to the individual." Pope Pius XI taught that as far as religion is concerned there can be no such thing as a neutral school. All schools are either for or against religion.

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